

# CATARRH OF THE STOMACH

Could Hardly Eat. Gradually  
Grew Worse. Relieved by  
Peruna.



Mr. A. M. Ikerd.

stomach and there was no cure. I almost thought the same, for my breath was offensive and I could not eat anything without great misery, and I gradually grew worse.

"Finally I concluded to try Peruna, and I found relief and a cure for that dreadful disease, catarrh. I took five bottles of Peruna and two of Manalin, and I now feel like a new man. There is nothing better than Peruna, and I keep a bottle of it in my house all the time."

NOT SO SURPRISING.



"They tell me Daring Ike's dead. Is that right?"

"Sure; shot plumb through the heart."

"Well, I ain't surprised, then; his heart always was weak."

Explained.

An old lady, the customer of an Irish farmer, was rather dissatisfied with the watery appearance of her morning's cream and finally she complained very bitterly to him.

"Be aisy, mum," said Pat. "You see, the weather of late has been so terrific hot that it has scorched all the grass off the pasture land, and O! have been compelled to feed the pore bastes on water lilies!"—Ideas.

## A "Teaser" For Jaded Appetites— Post Toasties

with cream or  
preserved fruit.

Ready to serve instantly  
—just open the box and  
enjoy an extra good dish—

Convenient, crisp,  
delicious, wholesome.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Made at the  
POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,  
Pure Food Factories  
Battle Creek Mich.

# FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS

BY  
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

## COCHISE

"No white man has looked upon Cochise and lived to tell of it!"

So ran the New Mexico saying. And for many years it was the truth. Cochise was chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. High in the Dragoon mountains of New Mexico he had a mighty fortress where he and his band of 500 "hostiles" lived, and from which they issued from time to time on havoc-making raids. This fortress was almost impossible for an outsider to find. No body of soldiers could penetrate to it.

Cochise openly laughed at the government's puny efforts to check his murderous career. He lived like one of the robber barons of old. Scouts would tell him of the approach of some emigrant train, a stage coach or a provision caravan along the neighboring lowlands. Down from his mountain retreat he would swoop at the head of his wild native freebooters, and would slaughter every white man, woman and child in the party, rifling the provisions, etc., destroying the wagons and driving off the horses, mules and cattle.

### Wild Raids on Caravans.

Before troops could be sent to avenge the crime Cochise and his band would be safely hidden among the rocky fastnesses of their mountains. At last the roads and trails of the district were practically abandoned by travelers. In only one instance during all his years of freebooting did Cochise spare any white man he met. That was in the case of a red-bearded hunter and guide named Jeffords. Why Cochise not only allowed Jeffords to live but actually chose him for a dear friend, no white man ever knew. But Jeffords was made welcome to the fortress whenever he cared to visit it.

Cochise, in his own perverted way, was something of an Indian patriot as well as a robber. He saw the long trains of west-bound caravans that yearly grew more and more numerous. He knew the white men were gradually invading the west and that they were little by little driving the Indians from their old homes. He aimed to stay this tide of westward emigration. Therefore he killed every white man he could lay hands on.

Yet, at the beginning, Cochise had no especial grudge against the gov-

ernment. The first clash, when he was a young man, came about in this way: Some horses belonging to a New Mexico army post were stolen. The local commandant arrested Cochise and several of his Apache followers on suspicion and put them in a close guarded tent. Cochise alone escaped (with three bullets in his body) by cutting his way out of the canvas and breaking through the cordon of guards. Furious at the insult to which he and his braves had been subjected, he captured a settler and sent word to the commandant that if the other Indian prisoners were harmed he would kill his white captive. The commandant paid no heed to the warning, but nipped the Apaches he had seized. Then Cochise made good his threat.

Finally, during President Grant's administration, Gen. O. O. Howard was sent to New Mexico to try to patch up some sort of a peace with Cochise. He met Cochise's nephew, Chie, who, with Jeffords, offered to conduct the general to the mountain fortress if he would agree to take no soldiers along. Howard consented. Bravely he went to the hidden stronghold of the old chief; walking as it seemed, straight into the jaws of death. For he knew Cochise's hatred of the whites and he was going to him alone and defenseless.

### A General's Heroic Act.

Perhaps the one-armed general's calm courage pleased Cochise. Perhaps, weary of long, useless warfare, the chief was glad of an excuse for peace. At any rate he greeted Howard like a brother and listened to the terms of the treaty which the general outlined to him. He called a council and prayed to the Great Spirit for guidance. The Spirit seems to have indorsed Howard's requests, for, after the prayers, Cochise said:

"No one seeks peace more earnestly than I. Even as your soldiers obey you, so I will obey the President at Washington."

He called his tribesmen together, and with solemn formality the "Great Peace" was cemented at Sulphur Springs. In reward, Cochise received a large strip of excellent public land for his tribe, and his adopted brother, Jeffords, was made Indian agent for the reservation.

(Copyright.)

## MASSASOIT

It was the dead of winter in 1621. The handful of hardy English "pilgrims" who had landed a few months earlier at Plymouth Rock were struggling to keep body and soul together in the bleak Massachusetts climate. Their provisions were scanty, their dwellings rude and insufficient. Their prospects of maintaining life on that desolate, cold coast seemed worse than doubtful. Had the bravest, most hopeful of them all been told that the wretched little colony would grow and flourish until it should one day become the bulwark of American liberty—he would have laughed the idea to scorn. Or, rather—as the pilgrim fathers frowned upon such idle joys as laughter—he would more probably have had the rash prophet clapped into the stocks.

### "Welcome, Englishmen!"

The pilgrims' worst fears were of an Indian raid. The enmity of the savages, they knew, would be the foremost barrier in the way of their colony's prosperity and permanent life. So, when, one day, during that first bitter winter, an Indian advanced from the forest toward a group of busy Plymouth settlers, they grasped their muskets in alarm. Their fear changed to amazement as the savage halted and called to them in perfect English: "Welcome, Englishmen!"

The native, Samoset by name, had picked up the words from certain Penobscot fishermen. He went on to say that he was a messenger from the great Indian king, Massasoit, ruler of the confederacy of Wampanong tribes, and that he brought from his royal master assurances of peace.

A short time afterward—March 15, 1621—Massasoit himself with 60 warriors drew near to the colony. The king was ready to greet the white men as friends, but was equally ready, in case of hostile demonstrations on their part, to destroy them. Thus, though he bore food and furs with him, yet he and his braves were armed and in full warpaint. Edward Winslow, a delegate from the pilgrims, went forward to meet Massa-

soit. A little behind Winslow followed Capt. Miles Standish with a handful of musketeers, ready to fire into the clump of Indians at the first sign of treachery. Winslow laid presents before the royal visitor, then consented to remain behind as hostage for Massasoit's safety while the savage king, with 20 of his men, went with Standish to a hut where Governor Carver of the colony waited to receive him.

There a solemn peace treaty between Massasoit and the colonists was drawn up and sworn to. This was the first diplomatic document recorded in New England. Nor did the king ever break his word. He made his subjects keep peace with the English, and helped them with generous gifts of corn and meat. Indeed, had his attitude toward the pilgrims been different the colony might well have perished.

Massasoit was born in Massachusetts about 1580. He was hereditary king of the Wampanoags and ruled a territory that stretched from Cape Cod to Narragansett Bay. His people had numbered about 30,000. But shortly before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620 a terrible epidemic (supposed to have been yellow fever) swept the land, leaving barely 300 of the 30,000 Indians alive.

### Twice Saves Colony.

In the summer of 1621 an embassy from the pilgrims visited Massasoit near Narragansett Bay. He received them in a scarlet hunting coat and a huge gilt chain—part of the presents Carver had sent him—and renewed his pledges of friendship. Again in 1623, when Massasoit lay ill, Winslow visited him and tried to cure him by means of such simple remedies as he knew. Out of gratitude the king told Winslow of a plot another tribe of Indians had formed to massacre the settlers. By this timely warning he again saved the colony.

Massasoit died in 1660. And with his death fled the last hope of peace between Indians and Massachusetts colonists.

(Copyright.)

Revised Version.  
Representative Henry of Texas, in an eloquent and witty attack on international marriages, said the other day in Waco:

"The Honorable Maude Laclands, the little daughter of the Earl of Laclands and a Chicago pork queen, once asked her mother:  
"Mamma, how long does a honeymoon last?"  
"Lady Laclands with a bitter smile made answer.  
"The honeymoon may be said to last, my dear, until your husband begins to pester you for money."

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The man who looks for good cannot look for anything he will be more certain to find.

Mrs. Whitlow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Love never fails, because it never stops trying.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates scrofula and all other humors, cures all their effects, makes the blood rich and abundant, strengthens all the vital organs. Take it.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

## Readers

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.



**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Glosses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**BLOODHOUNDS** Irish wolf hounds, Norwegian bear dogs, fox hounds, coon, cat, dogs. Illustrated 40-page catalogue 4-cent stamp. BOOKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.

## When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.**

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps.

The Famous **Rayo** Lamps and Lanterns

**Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil used.**

The light is strong and steady. A Rayo never flickers. Materials and workmanship are the best. Rayo lamps and lanterns last.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write for illustrated booklet direct to any agency of **Continental Oil Company** (Incorporated)

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

WOMEN wear W. L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W. L. Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

W. L. Douglas shoes are warranted to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price.

**CAUTION** The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes Sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid.

How to Order by Mail.—If W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, send direct to factory. Take measurements of foot as shown in model; state style desired; size and width usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light sole. I do the largest shoe mail order business in the world. Illustrated Catalog Free. **W. L. DOUGLAS**, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



ONE PAIR of my BOYS' \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes. Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

*Honest Tea is the best policy*

## LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

**PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER**

Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to no time. Always ready for use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child.

The Perfection burns nine hours on one filling—glowing heat from the minute it is lighted. Handsomely finished; drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer or write for descriptive circular to any agency of **Continental Oil Company** (Incorporated)